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THE VICTORIOUS LIFE LYRICS

BY
FRANCES E. MOORE



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THE TRIUMPHANT LIFE

No repining ever,
But the rejoicing lever
Raise to high endeavor,
All thy ways.

Soul, be ever winging;
Heart, keep ever singing;
Thus new hopes keep springing,
And to fruitage come.

Not a look behind thee,
No regret to bind thee,
All of joy to find thee,
For to-day.

Poised on wings that bear thee
From all foes 'twould snare thee,
Faith's immortal pinions fair, thee,
Save the day.

THE TRUSTING LIFE

I am hiding in the shadow,
In the covert of His wing;
And my heart knows only trusting,
And my life knows only spring;
For the child-like heart I bear me
In the presence of my King.

So kind is He who leads me,
And how well He knows the way;
There is never any danger that
My feet shall go astray,
While o'er me is His light by night,
And banner of love by day.

Though sometimes tears are raining
And sorrow bows my head,
'Tis that I might see the rainbow
Of His promises instead;
And thus I know, continually,
By His own hand I am led.

THE SURRENDERED WILL

The starry heavens to divinest laws now move,
How blest is man when, as these, God's goodness can
 prove;
And most in harmony divine, when Faith's illumined eyes
 can view
And thus behold the all things new.

O gracious law, which causest me in morning's light
To soar on wings! With dewes of night
I decked my brow,
And lo! they turn to diamonds now.

The soul, unfettered, flashes forth
And mounts the heights of highest worth,
And thus proclaims to all the earth
That miracle—a second birth.

The soul, released, hails her primal natal hour
And demonstrates a higher power
Where all things move
In harmony with perfect love.

TESTED

Beloved, think not strange of the fiery trial you are
 passing through,
For 'tis that abounding grace may be given unto you.
It will e'en destroy the dross and e'er refine the gold,
And always casts the life in a more heroic mold.

To seven times the heat of ordinary power
The furnace may for you be made ready in an hour;
But never fear the test that for thee prepares,
For well thy Father knows all thy tears and prayers.

And know thou shalt come forth all pure and well refined,
And not a hint of fire on garments shall they find;
And of thy love and faith the half shall not be told
Till that abundant entrance, when the gates to thee
 unfold.

ALONE WITH GOD

"My soul, lean thou only upon God."

To stand alone with God—oh, precious boon to frailest
mortals given,

And have His presence thee enfold when the mount is
with thunders riven;

To hear Him speak alone when all the earth is moved,
And then to know of Him that we are well beloved.

And though the way was rough and through a bloody
tide—

To reach the height we must all bear His wounds in
hands and side—

Yet this is all forgot—our suffering and our tears—
When He doth make an end of all our doubts and fears.

For we know all not now, but hereafter shall we know,
That by leaning on His word our faith and hope may
grow;

And though our dearest friends may turn away their face,
Sufficient is His word, sufficient is His grace.

RESURRECTION

I nothing from my Lord do hide,
But as He asks, my mouth I open wide,
And grace comes in and overflows
And every comfort on me bestows.

Sometimes to Calvary's mount I go
With bleeding wounds and weight of woe
And am cast down, but not forgot,
Because His love, it changeth not.

And though grief lingers for a night,
The dawn comes in with glory bright,
The songs burst forth, the sun's ablaze,
And my whole being thrills with praise!

ASPIRATION

His eagle eye was fixed on light;
His soaring wings were spread for flight;
His mark he knew, to that he flew, and set his stake.

And ere 'twas done, another light,
Intense—more brilliant—far in height
He saw and could not rest.

With such a view ahead
The present ground had paled and fled;
His hope sped on.

To other climes he now must wing,
In loftier spheres his sonnets sing,
Nor here be e'er content.

No bound canst set for such an eye,
Nor height for such a wing to try;
Illimitable his goal.

From sphere to sphere, from star to star,
He marks his course to realms afar,
Nor stops nor stays to sing.

SPRING

Have you heard it, have you seen it,
Have you felt it passing fair;
Have you sensed it, have you breathed it,
That spring is in the air?
Whisperings and flutterings
Of things as on the wing,
Mysterious muffled voices
That presently will sing.

For in the world just out of sight
Expectancy is great;
And out of darkness shall arise
This growing life elate;
And as with new and tender face
The glorious dawn they 'll view,
We, too, shall rise to greet them,
The old friends and the new.

ODE TO MORNING GLORIES

Morning Glories, Morning Glories, adorning the spring of
day;
Out of the night into the light ye come, in bright array;
With you all nature rejoices,
Hailing the new-born day, in myriad voices.
It is thus you cheer
When fair Summer is here.

Morning Glories, Morning Glories, kissed by the dew,
Flaunting your colors of red, white, and blue,
Glorious emblems of Liberty's ruth!
The three immortals—Love, Purity, Truth!
All gayly you come, our glad eyes to greet,
A pathway inviting you make for our feet.

AFTER THE STORM

'Twas eve, and silently and steadily the drizzling rain
congealed,

And covered o'er at every pore the wood, in copse and
field;

The village church was blanketed e'en to its steeple's top,
And the eaves were being fringed about and lacquered
drop by drop.

The dawn had come; the morn awoke; the sun-god
raised his head;

And earth became transfigured as if risen from the dead;
For flashing, dazzling, scintillating showers, his work was
done!

You 'd think ten thousand suns had burst and cast their
diamonds—every one!

OUR FLAG

Fling out the banner, let it float o'er patriots brave!

The red of sacrifice for love;

The blue of truth, eternal, all above;

The white of purity and peace:

Oh, never may its meaning cease;

But always when this flag is seen

Its emblems to our hearts may mean,

Inseparable is God's great plan,

And patriot true who lives for fellow-man!

THE AFTERTIDE

Roll, roll, roll, the drums begin to roll;
Toll, toll, toll, the bells begin to toll;
How they toll!

Longer, longer, longer, the bells now toll;
Louder, louder, louder, the drums now roll;
O my soul!

Who is rolling of the drums, tell me, who?
Man is rolling of the drums, 'tis his view!
Man's view!

Who is tolling of the bells, tell me, who?
Man is tolling of the bells, 'tis his, too!
Man's, too!

What will stop the drum she hears,
What will stop this knell she fears?
Woman's tears!

Then shall earth be purified by the cleansing of that tide;
Naught but glory shall abide,
Aftertide!

At the tomb Mary wept, but her tears got reward
By the presence of her Lord;
Blessed Lord!

Hush! See that none the silence breaks!
Day is dawning! Glory wakes!
Glory wakes!

GOD'S PLAN

God is not mocked, for soon or late His word is all fulfilled;

And comes to naught in word or thought all that frail man has willed.

As waters to the ocean run, God's plan, in steady tread,
By all the wonders of His grace continually is fed.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He thy life shall plan;

And blessings rich shall come to thee, the true and God-like man.

Abundant fruit—an hundred fold—the child of God shall bring;

And praises, praises, joined to praise, to crown his glorious King.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Art misunderstood? Our greatest hearts and souls have
ever been;

Who, with purpose high and faith and truth, have risen
above the world's din.

Even when they quivered 'neath the lash and bled at
every pore,

They still maintained that outward calm that One on
Calvary bore.

So, for you, too, a secret strength, a mighty power comes
in,

For He will aid, who was misjudged—who did atone
for sin;

For He it is who calms the soul and supplieth all your
need,

And reveals Himself in all His grace to the pure in heart,
indeed.

DOUBTS

O soul, how grieved art thou when friends thy words
do doubt,

Even after thou hast been faithful in every deed and
thought;

Yet carest thou not how thy Father's heart dost grieve
Because His faithful promises thou hast not believed?

THE CHRIST

The One whose presence satisfies all else above;
The One whose love encompasseth e'en all our love;
The One whose light irradiates our darkest night—
The Christ, who shows Himself, and all is bright.

GRATITUDE

Fairer flower never grew
Than the one I give to you;
'Tis refreshing as the dew—
Gratitude.

It is grown in every clime,
And is fragrant all the time;
Let it be both yours and mine—
Gratitude.

But the one who has it most
The very least of it does boast,
Yet it always counts a host—
Gratitude.

Make it of your life a part,
Keep it ever in the heart,
Whence its deepest roots do start—
Gratitude.

NOT DEATH, BUT VICTORY

Victory or death? No, never.
Victory! Victory! altogether.
That our watchword e'er should be—
All-sufficing Victory!

As on the steeps our footsteps trace
Forward—not backward—in the race;
Upward we climb, if only one step, for that day,
We shall behold a brighter ray.

And when at last the heights we mount
And no more goals remain to count,
With perfect view and perfect day
We shout "'Tis Victory! Victory!" all the way.

CONSECRATION

The key to the Word is, to do His will,
Then we surely shall know, for He will fulfill;
An obedient heart is the secret spring
That unlocks the storehouse of the richest King.

It unlocks the door to God's loftiest tower,
Whence we may see working His mightiest power,
And can see why we failed, and fell by the way,
Because His Word we would not obey.

We can see how we fared on the husks we did eat,
When was waiting for us the finest of wheat;
How we shriveled and failed on the dregs of the wine,
When we might have had our faces to shine!

Alas, the tragedy in this world of sin,
When souls hold back from entering in
To the promised Canaan, here, and now,
And performing unto the Lord their vow!

Oh, the joy and peace when we are not our own,
When the Lord who bought us sits on the throne;
When all earth-born hopes and fears are still,
And we know no other than the Master's will!

Then the power of God shall us flow through,
And "greater works than these" shall we do
As we lift up Christ; His light can not grow dim,
For He "will draw all men unto Him."

JOY

Oh! let me sing a brighter lay,
That sweetly puts in tune
The heart-strings of a tangled way,
And from care makes immune.

That lifts the mists with sunny rays,
And makes all glad again,
And frees from every sordid thing,
And from all grief and pain.

That points to sky, and stars, and sun,
And lifts our eyes above,
And links us with the Infinite,
And with eternal love.

NOW

Now is the time, now is the time,
To serve the Lord our King;
Now is the time, now is the time,
Our offering to bring.

Now is the time to know the Word,
And now the time to pray;
Now is the time to do His will,
And not another day.

Now is the time to love the Church,
And to our task be true;
Now is the time to bear the cross,
And courage to renew.

Now is the time, the only time,
We faith's bright shield may take,
And, having all the armor on,
Be conquerors for His sake.

Now is the time to find in God
Our refuge and delight,
So that He our heart may satisfy,
And shield us with His might.

Now is the time to let Him lead,
And all our way to choose;
Now is the time to give Him all,
In Him our life to lose.

THE FAIRIES OF THE SNOW

No charm so sweet as 'tis to meet
My fairies of the snow;
And so as not to break the charm,
Alone I always go.

And in the soft, mysterious light,
With flutterings all around,
They come and go, on tip of toe,
Without a note or sound.

They touch me with their finger-tips;
They touch, and fly away,
Or whisper wondrous secrets,
Throughout our whirling play.

Oh, joy to run, and joy to walk,
And sweet to talk and play
With all these winsome fairies,
On this delightful day!

THE SINGLE EYE

There is a way God keepeth,
The way to the King on high;
And there is one He always guides,
The one with the single eye.

The eye that ever seeketh
The eye of the Father above;
And with His own eye He guides that one
Into His mansions of love.

The eye must be always upward,
The eye of faith, never dim;
Then his feet can never stumble,
Because guided by Him.

This eye shall see the King in His beauty,
The eye of the pure in heart,
And shall, some sweet day, be like Him,
And in His glory have part.

COMMUNION

O Jesus, Master, I would be
The object of Thy grace;
Would come to Thee in such a way
I could behold Thy face.

Thou waitest to be gracious, Lord;
Thine invitation sweet
I often pass unheeded by,
While Thou dost wait to greet.

Break Thou the barrier of my pride;
Bend Thou my will to Thine,
Till, in the glory of Thy face,
Thou mak'st my face to shine.

In coming thus, a little child,
Guileless in heart and mind,
Thine own effulgence me surrounds,
I sweet contentment find

**TO MRS. N. M. CHAMBERS ON HER
SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY**

Thou art so young at seventy,
Seventy years young and fair;
The years, they sit with such a grace,
Though white thy crown of hair.

That regnant mind, and thoughtful brow,
That make thy face to shine,
Tell of something more than earthly lore;
They speak of thoughts divine.

They tell of love proved oft and long;
Pain patiently endured;
Of victories won, and precious fruit
By living faith procured.

Thou sitt'st a queen, throned on thy chair,
Naught else could be beside;
A daughter of the King art thou,
Partaker with the Bride.

A noble son, most gracious gift;
A daughter, fair and kind—
Their greatest joy, in ministry
To thee, they truly find.

Oh, noble years of seventy!
May we thy grace attain,
In worthy deed, and patient faith,
And in eternal gain.

JESUS CALLS

'Tis Jesus calls thee, weary one,
'Tis Jesus, God's anointed Son;
He, patient, stands and waits thy choice,
And woos thee, with appealing voice.

Oh, look on Him, the matchless One!
Oh, look on all the cross has done!
The scarréd hands, the piercéd side,
Canst thou not in such love confide?

Canst thou not look and meet His eye?
Canst look upon that face and die?
No! weary soul, but look and live!
Eternal life to thee He 'll give.

Then rise, and haste to meet thy Lord;
No other one can speak the word
That will liberate and set thee free.
Oh, hear Him say, "Come unto Me."

Oh, that were worth all else beside,
To walk with Him, in yoke allied;
The Master's look, and touch, and words
Are life and peace to him He girds.

CONFIDENCE

Be quiet, fear not, neither be faint-hearted;
That shall stand which God has planned,
Though all things else be thwarted.

ANSWERED PRAYER

I asked, and did receive
 Gifts from Heaven, free;
I sought, and in my need
 My Lord was found of me.

And, then again, I knew
 This promise proved could be;
I knocked, and open doors
 In all around I see.

I prayed a prayer in faith,
 The answer was delayed;
I left the prayer with Him,
 And trusted, unafraid.

I waited on the Lord,
 And, though the time was long,
The answer, fraught with rarest gifts,
 Came in a burst of song.

My heart had been prepared
 By waiting at His feet;
I could not have used His wondrous gifts
 Had I not been, by Him, made meet.

Ships, with a precious freight,
 Are brought from a far-off clime;
And (one of the secrets I have learned)
 Such gifts, from God, take time.

TRUE PRAISE

Whom Thou commendest, Lord, has praise,
The highest praise, indeed;
'Tis Thine approval that we seek;
'Tis Thine own Self we need.

We would not seek the praise of men;
'Tis Thee we would obey,
And let Thee see our secret heart,
And reward in Thine own way.

OPPORTUNITY

Passing early, passing late,
Often passing by thy gate,
Made of gold and precious things,
You sometimes find that it has wings;
For you 've been napping by the way,
And it has flown, while yet 'twas day.
But 'twill come in other guise,
So be sure to use your eyes—
Be awake! awake!! awake!!!
And the golden moment take!

THE ABIDING LIFE

'Midst vineyards fair and vine-clad hills,
In Christ I am abiding ;
And, oh! my life is very fair,
Because of this confiding.

Full satisfied is every wish,
Many gifts His hand bestoweth,
Until around on every side
His goodness overfloweth.

How fair, how calm, how rich, how full
This life of mine He maketh!
And from His great and boundless store,
All things, for me, He taketh.

So sweet the day, so bright the way,
His matchless Presence blessing,
That heart and voice can but rejoice,
His wondrous power confessing.

Thus let me live, and love, and walk,
In the secret place abiding ;
And ever feel the Master's touch,
And know that He is guiding.

THE ROSE

Thou, Master Gardener, who alone
 Couldst bring a flower to earth,
With sun, and shower, and nascent power
 Thou gav'st the rose its birth.

It could only open at Thy touch;
 Thou alone the secret knew,
And painted it with color rare,
 • And bathedst it with dew.

And there it grew, and shed around
 Such grace and fragrance sweet
As only the lovely rose could do,
 In homage, at Thy feet.

Oh, might I, too, be one
 Who shares Thy tender care,
Responsive be to every touch,
 Unfolding unaware,
Perfected be in every part,
 And breathe sweet incense there!

GOD'S CHOICE

If God shall choose for us, all will be well;
Though what may come we can not tell,
Yet it shall be good, from His Word we know,
And blessings rich He will bestow.

His choice, as much greater than yours and mine
As eternity is greater than time,
Shall be; and He shall reign
Supreme in us o'er heart and brain.

If He shall choose, we shall fear no ill,
Since there are no disappointments when in His will,
For He doth of trials ladders make,
To reach the heights, for His own name's sake.

If He shall choose, we 'll channels be
Of blessings to others, blessings so free;
We 'll lift the load and dry the tear
Of those our lives should gladden and cheer.

If He shall choose, with Him we 'll stand,
And keep in view the distant land,
And unto Him we oft will say:
"Lord of the Harvest, send, we pray!"

If He shall choose for you and me,
We 'll work for Him on bended knee;
And if He gives us lands and gold,
Naught from Him shall we withhold.

If He shall choose, we 'll heed His command,
Whether at home or on foreign strand;
His grace sufficient shall be each day;
When we are following Him, He opens the way.

If He shall choose, this year shall be
The happiest in our history,
And will be crowned with His goodness and love,
And treasures laid up in mansions above.

If Christ shall choose to come this year,
We 'll gladly meet Him, without fear;
When He comes, in the clouds from on high,
We 'll know, with rapture, our redemption is nigh.



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